

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint  
Will make but little for his benefit:  
So one by one wee'll weed them all at last,  
And you your selfe shall reere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

*Sound a Sennet.*

*Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duchesse.*

*King.* For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,  
Or Somerset, or Yorke, all's one to me.  
*Yorke.* If Yorke haue ill demean'd himselfe in France,  
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ship.

*Som.* If Somerset be vnworthy of the Place,  
Let Yorke be Regent, I will yeeld to him.  
*Warw.* Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,  
Dispute not that, Yorke is the worthier.

*Card.* Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speake.  
*Warw.* The Cardinall's not my better in the field.  
*Buck.* All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.  
*Warw.* Warwick may liue to be the best of all.  
*Salub.* Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Buckingham  
Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this?

*Queene.* Because the King forsooth will haue it so,  
*Humf.* Madame, the King is old enough himselfe  
To giue his Censure: There are no Womens matters.  
*Queene.* If he be old enough, what needs your Grace  
To be Protector of his Excellence?

*Humf.* Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,  
And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.

*Suff.* Resigne it then, and leaue thine insolence.  
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?  
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,  
The Dolphin hath prey'd beyond the Seas,  
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme  
Haue been as Bond-men to thy Soueraignie.

*Card.* The Commons hath thou rackt, the Clergies Bags  
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.

*Som.* Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Atryre  
Haue cost a masse of publike Treasurie.

*Buck.* Thy Crueltie in execution  
Vpon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,  
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

*Queene.* Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,  
If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

*Exit Humfrey.*

Giue me my Hanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?

*She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.*

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

*Duch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman:  
Could I come nere your Beautie with my Nayles,  
I could set my ten Commandements in your face.

*King.* Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.

*Duch.* Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,  
Shee'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:  
Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,  
She shall not strike Dame Elianor vnreung'd.

*Exit Elianor.*

*Buck.* Lord Cardinall, I will follow Elianor,  
And listen after Humfrey, how he proceedes:  
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,  
Shee'll gallop farre enough to her destruction.

*Exit Buckingham.*

*Enter Humfrey.*

*Humf.* Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,  
With walking once about the Quadrangle,  
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affaires.  
As for your spightfull false Obiections,  
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:  
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,  
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.  
But to the matter that we haue in hand:  
I say, my Soueraigne, Yorke is meetest man  
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

*Suff.* Before we make election, giue me leaue  
To shew some reason, of no little force,  
That Yorke is most vnmeet of any man.

*Yorke.* Ile tell thee, Suffolk, why I am vnmeet.  
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:  
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,  
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,  
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,  
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:  
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,  
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.

*Warw.* That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact  
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.

*Suff.* Peace head-strong Warwick.

*Warw.* Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

*Enter Armorer and his Man.*

*Suff.* Because here is a man accused of Treason,  
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.

*Yorke.* Doth any one accuse Yorke for a Traytor?  
*King.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are  
these?

*Suff.* Please it your Maiestie, this is the man  
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;  
His words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorke,  
Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,  
And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper.

*King.* Say man, were these thy words?  
*Armorer.* And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd  
nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am  
falsely accus'd by the Villaine.

*Peter.* By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake  
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scow-  
ring my Lord of Yorke's Armor.

*Yorke.* Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,  
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:  
I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,  
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.

*Armorer.* Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the  
words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did cor-  
rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his  
knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witnesse  
of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast  
away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

*King.* Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law?

*Humf.* This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:

Let Somerset be Regent o're the French,  
Because in Yorke this breedes suspicion;  
And let these haue a day appointed them  
For single Combat, in conuenient place,  
For he hath witnesse of his seruants malice:  
This is the Law, and this Duke Humfrey's doome.

*Som. I.*

*Som.* I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie.  
*Armorer.* And I accept the Combat willingly.  
*Peter.* Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake  
pity my case: the spight of man preuaileth against me.  
O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to  
fight a blow: O Lord my heart.  
*Humf.* Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.  
*King.* Away with them to Prison: and the day of  
Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come  
Somerset, wee'll see thee sent away.  
*Flourish. Exit.*

*Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.*

*Humf.* Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you ex-  
pects performance of your promises.

*Bulling.* Master Humf, we are therefore provided: will  
her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

*Humf.* I, what else? feare you not her courage?

*Bulling.* I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of  
an inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master  
Humf, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie be-  
low; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.  
*Exit Humf.*

Mother Iordan, be you prostrate, and grouell on the  
Earth; Iohn Southwell reade you, and let vs to our worke.

*Enter Elianor aloft.*

*Elianor.* Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To  
this geere, the sooner the better.  
*Bulling.* Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:  
Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,  
The time of Night when Troy was set on fire,  
The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,  
And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues;  
That time best fits the worke we haue in hand.  
Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,  
Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

*Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,  
Bullingbrooke or Southwell reade, Coniuro  
te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens  
terribly: then the Spirit  
riseth.*

*Spirit. Ad Sum.*

*Witch. Asmath,* by the eternall God,  
Whose name and power thou tremblest at,  
Answer that I shall aske: for till thou speake,  
Thou shalt not passe from hence.

*Spirit.* Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and  
done.

*Bulling.* First of the King: What shall of him be-  
come?

*Spirit.* The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:  
But him out-lie, and dye a violent death.

*Bulling.* What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

*Spirit.* By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

*Bulling.* What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

*Spirit.* Let him shun Castles,

Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.

Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

*Bulling.* Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:  
False Fiend auoide.

*Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham  
with their Guard, and breake in.*

*Yorke.* Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash:  
Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.  
What Madame, are you theret? the King & Commonweale  
Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines;  
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,  
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

*Elianor.* Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,  
Iniurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.

*Buck.* True Madame, none at all: what call you this?  
Away with them, let them be clapt vp close,  
And kept asunder: you Madame shall with vs,  
Stafford take her to thee.

Wee'll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.  
*Exit.*

*Yorke.* Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watcht her well:  
A pretty Plot, well chosen to build vpon.

Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Writ.

What haue we here? *Reades.*

*The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:*

*But him out-lie, and dye a violent death.*

Why this is iust. *Aio a Eacida Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

*By Water shall he dye, and take his end.*

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

*Let him shun Castles,*

*Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,*

*Then where Castles mounted stand.*

Come, come, my Lords,

These Oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly vnderstood.

The King is now in progresse towards Saint Albones,

With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:

Thither goes these Newes,

As fast as Horse can carry them:

A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

*Buck.* Your Grace shall giue me leaue, my Lord of York,

To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

*Yorke.* At your pleasure, my good Lord.

Who's within there, hoe?

*Enter a Servingman.*

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

*Exit.*

*Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and  
Suffolke, with Faulkners halloving.*

*Queene.* Beleue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,  
I saw not better sport these seuen yeeres day:  
Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,  
And ten to one, old Ioane had not gone out.

*King.* But what a point, my Lord, your Falcon made,  
And what a pyrch she flew about the rest:  
To see how God in all his Creatures workes,  
Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

*Suff.* No maruell, and it like your Maiestie,  
My Lord Protector's Hawkes doe towre so well,  
They know their Master loues to be aloft,  
And beares his thoughts aboue his Faulcons Pitch:

*Gloster.* My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde,  
That mounts no higher then a Bird can fore:

*Card. I.*